

**Seventh Annual Cambridge Public Library and Cambridge Tree Project Poetry
Awards**

For the seventh consecutive year, the Cambridge Public Library in cooperation with the Cambridge Tree Project sponsored a poetry competition for students from Kindergarten to Eighth Grade. Nearly 600 students submitted entries to the competition this year. On May 19, 2005, the winning poets presented their works to a standing-room-only audience of family, friends, teachers, and other poetry lover at the Central Square Branch Library. We are grateful for the support of the Friends of the Cambridge Public Library, who provided the funding for this year's prizes.

Here, in the order in which they were presented at the ceremony, are the poems of some of the city's most creative young poets.

A Bunch of Little Letters

Here are a bunch of words that rhyme:

Bits
Mits
Pits.

You never know
what you
could do with
a bunch of little
letters.

*Gregorio Leon
Amigos School
Third Place (tie), First Grade*

Choo

Choo Choo
Down on the track
Go to NY
And then come back.

*Ben Richardson
Amigos School
Second Place, Kindergarten*

Feelings

Happiness is a yellow sunflower doing the hula
Sadness is a navy blue ghost haunting my mind
Pride is a gold trophy sitting on a throne
Excitement is a orange peacock stretching out its tail feathers

*Cecelia Halle
Graham & Parks Alternative School
First Place, First Grade*

Things of Blue

The sky is as blue
as the shark and the
shark is as blue as
the sea and the
sea is as blue as the sky.

*Iago Lopez Sanchez
Amigos School
First Place, Kindergarten*

Spinning Colors

Spinning colors in my hand
Looking up at a smiling face
As I do a hand comes down
And presses a silver button
I look down

I see bright colors

Spinning

Green

Blue

Red

Orange

Light purple

I smile

An old friend

Smiles

Back

*Imoh Udoh-Warren
Maria L. Baldwin School
First Place, Third Grade*

Mi Osito

Yo tengo un osito
y es un cariñocito.

*Milagros Treviño
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Kindergarten*

Gato

Yo tengo un gato
Mi gato tiene un pato
Mi pato tiene un plato
El gato tiene mi.

*Jesse Simmons
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, First Grade*

Delicious Mangos

In the summer
going to my grandma's backyard
seeing delicious mangos
hanging from tall trees
mangos dripping juice
hear that sound
when you bite it
wet and sweet
around your mouth
Dominican Republic
I am there
passing a store
hearing the mangos
calling me
over and over
buy them
eat them
touch them
touch them
round like circles
sweet like me
golden-dark red
like a rose in the spring
most delicious

*Maria Madera
Amigos School
Third Place (tie), Fifth Grade*

Spaghetti

I like spaghetti!
Long, oily and thin.
I like spaghetti!
Buttery, wiggly and slippery.
I like spaghetti!

*Gary Davis
Kennedy-Longfellow School
Honorable Mention, Second Grade*

Basketball Happiness

Basketball is fun
Because I like to play
Shooting swish,
dribbling thump,
crossing it up,
black lines,
orange ball,
playing basketball,
makes me feel happy
for a long time.

*Nasir Abdullahi
Maria L. Baldwin School
Third Place (tie), Second Grade*

Butterfly

a beautiful creature gliding on
a breeze and fluttering too.

*Jonathan Manacher
Shady Hill School
Honorable Mention, First Grade*

Trees

They give air
Red, yellow, and green are the colors
They share
In the winter months,
They become bare
So if you dare, please show you care.
So there!

*Future Coleman-Arroyo
Peabody School
Honorable Mention, Third Grade*

Soley

(Haitian Creole)

Soley la leve chak maten
Li protege sante nou
Soley la bon pou nou.

Si pat gen soley nou ta nan fennwa
Nou pa tap ka viv
Soley fe peyi mwen bel.

M panse soley la se gran fre lalin
Li leve maten, li leve aswe.

Ode to the Sun

("Soley," English)

The Sun rises each morning
To give protection
And goodness to us.

Without the sun we are in darkness
Unable to live.
The Sun makes my country beautiful.

I think the sun is like a big brother to the moon
The Sun brings the morning, the moon the night.

*Daphnide Lemene
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Second Place, Eighth Grade*

School Hallway

There are squares from the world,
fish in the great blue sea,
Hopes and Dreams beyond where the imagination can stretch,
patterns with never-ending colors, blue bike hiding
in its corner...
one chair with no one's comfort, two lonely recycle bins waiting
for a friend,
an intercom with no noises and
eleven doors waiting for a tug.
The hallway is lonely except for the kid
who sits in the chair.

*Nikolas H. Bazelaïs
Cambridgeport School
Second Place (tie), Fourth Grade*

The Tree in the Classroom

I am in a room,
Up one flight of stairs,
To the right,
Where children learn
And teachers teach.
I try to get some sleep,
But the bell rings too much
And children talk a bunch.
For my leaves don't help
Because they tell me of such and such.
My head mushes,
My roots clutch
And when I shake
Everyone stops.
For the silence is too much.

*Sarah Nia Coleman
Maria L. Baldwin School
Third Place (tie), Fourth Grade*

A Tree in the Rain

Alone
Sitting in the Rain,
A steady beat on my neck.
Washing away all thought,
Clearing my mind of all problems.
Alone,
Sitting in the Rain.

*Max Danielson
Cambridgeport School
Second Place (tie), Sixth Grade*

Leaves

Leaves
Everyone is different.
A beautiful sight like
Vases with flowers.
Everyone a different shape
So beautiful to me.

*Rose Chalfin-Wakeley
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Honorable Mention, Second Grade*

Puerto Rico

Puerto Rico, isla brillante
fresca como la brisa del mar.
Tus flores son como el arco iris
azul, rojo, amarillo, y anaranjado
de todos colores hay.
Tus montañas son bellas.
En la noche
las estrellas brillan como diamantes.
En la noche
escucha el canto del coquí
¡Coquí, coquí!

*Renzo Berrios
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Second Grade*

Birds

Eggs are hatching in the trees
Chirping, chirping, chirping
Mothers flying in the breeze
Chirping, chirping, chirping
Babies feeding, mothers singing
Chirping, chirping, chirping.

Nico Leodas
Haggerty School
Third Place (tie), Second Grade

A Tree Throughout the Year

A big strong Oak
Stands firm and tall
Throughout the year
Throughout the year

In winter,
The branches are bare
Two twigs make
The arms of a snowman

In spring,
The branches are flooding
With buds
The first leaf unfolds

In fall,
The leaves turn color,
Fall to the ground
The leaves are so fun to jump in

In summer,
Lush green leaves
Fill the trees
The birds make their nests

So that's the tree
The big strong Oak
Throughout the year
Throughout the year

Elizabeth Kubicek
Haggerty School
Second Place (tie), Second Grade

Tree

Trees race around me
Running through the air
Even if they're flying
Everyone is bare.

*Charlotte Eccles
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Third Place (tie), First Grade*

Fall

The trees wear elegant crowns of golden leaves
berries ripen on their bushes
fluffy little clouds scurry across the cold blue sky
a silver stream trickles by strong oaks and pale birches
frost covers the ground, making it firm and hard
squirrels leap from tree to tree, frantically gathering nuts for
the cold months ahead.
A hawk wheels in the sky, spreading its great wings
Autumn is here.

*Eleanor Cathrine Jahrling
Shady Hill School
Third Place (tie), Fifth Grade*

Christmas

When the sun goes down
And my head turns around
The stars start twinkling bright,
I creep down the stairs
And between the chairs
It's Christmas day tonight.
The room is filled with presents,
The light is burning low,
And all the shadows on the walls
Seem to be moving slow.

Two candles are on the shelf,
Lighting a picture of myself.
Now the room has barely any light,
Look out the window it's quite a sight!

There are some reindeer in the sky,
I never knew reindeer could fly.
Right behind them there's a golden sled,
And the reindeer start flying right at my head.
Luckily they missed and the sled comes down,

And out walked Santa, white as a clown.
After that, six hours later,
It's time to open up all this paper.
The last present I open, I can't believe what I'm seeing.
Out comes the poem I've just finished reading!

*Reid Merzbacher
Shady Hill School
Second Place, First Grade*

Winter

White crystals blanket the earth
The wind is singing about its birth
White is dancing where you look
Window seat and a story book

The bear lies sleeping warm
In freezing chill and heavy storm
In forest dense and cave remote
Frost holding fast to his brown fur coat

In winter he does not awake
The wind song sings for its own sake
White swirls of danger grinding cold
Armchair, blanket, and story told

*Henry Rater
Amigos School
First Place, Sixth Grade*

Winter Poem

Subzero temperatures lash at my face,
Hypnotizing blankets trap you inside.
Birds have migrated to another place,
While the wind howls outside.

Soon cars are devoured by little puny specks.
Children go snowball crazy and reload.
A four-wheel drive jeep carefully treks
on streets where four feet has been bestowed.

I gaze at snow blowers flinging flakes,
I'm amazed at the arcing cascade.
I ponder the sweet smell of pancakes
While I wander to the kitchen to raid.

*Ben Zaa Gallagher
Amigos School
First Place, Seventh Grade*

Locked up

Unwillingly locked inside;
A deserted lonely cage
Full of spouting rage.
I watch the snow and street collide.

Suddenly I gaze outside
At their sled,
While I rest on my fluffy bed
As the children glide.

Knowing that it's not my time
To seek the joyous ride.
So, I quietly decide
To write this melancholy rhyme.

*Patricia Escobar
Amigos School
Honorable Mention, Seventh Grade*

Springtime

The land's white skin has just been shed.
Out of a burrow pokes a head.
Groundhog, searching for his profile,
Sees it and begins to smile.

The world continues to unfreeze.
The warm wind whistles through the trees.
With the cool, refreshing showers,
Earth produces fragrant flowers.

Animals leave hibernation.
Life's reborn throughout the nation.
Migrating birds return and sing.
Creatures rejoice for it is spring.

*Aaron Hume
Amigos School
Third Place (tie), Sixth Grade*

Trees

Trees, trees,
Moving in the breeze.
Birds in their nests,
Orange robin breasts.
When the day ends,
And the light bends,
Look, oh tree,
At what you have begun
to be.

*Elena McCormick
Morse School
Third Place (tie), Third Grade*

Spring Brings

Spring brings
April showers,
Beautiful flowers,
Sunshine shining
Down on us all,
Children playing
With big round balls
Newborn animals,
Ready to play,
Children shouting,
Hurray! Hurray!
New lands of
Light green grass
(Cause winter snow has already passed.)
New buds on big,
Green trees,
Children slipping
(And scraping their knees.)
Animals come out
From long hibernation,
Everyone come for a big celebration!
Birds are chirping
While we say,
It's spring! It's spring
Hurray! Hurray!

Karen Chen

Peabody School

Third Place (tie), Fourth Grade

The Sea

The sea goes on forever,
it never stops,
The sea
it is a home to all the animals of the water,
The sea
it shines lighter than the sun.
When the moon touches the sea
it is as beautiful as anything in the world!
If you listen
you can hear the sea
It sounds like a person playing a flute
very very quietly,
The sea
it is as blue as the sky,
And now reader,
that is my poetry of the deep blue sea.

*Mohammed Uddin
Maria L. Baldwin School
Second Place, Second Grade*

I See...

I see snow shaped animals,
I see the sun set
Reflecting seas,
I see a hill
Drifting on sparkling seas,
I see a mountain
So far away it looks
As small as a pencil sharpened
All the way to the end.

*Nathan Rose
Maria L. Baldwin School
First Place, Second Grade*

Devil's Well

Earth's rim violet empty breathing creature slithers down
and drowned in the Devil's Well red-orange fire.

*Kassandra Rodriguez-Graham
Graham and Parks Alternative School
Third Place (tie), Third Grade*

The Light of Hope

Dark are the windows of the house on the river,
Sad that the light of day has not shown.
Dark of the windows of that house on the river,
Sad that the hope of day has not come.

I see a glimmer from that house on the river,
A glimmer of light from that house on the river,
A glimmer of hope in the dark.

I see people coming and going from that house on the river,
Some look happy, some look sad.
Some look as if they have ne'er seen
The light of day, the light of hope.
Some look as if they have the light all around them,
All around their happy, smiling faces.
Some look like they're from another world, another time.

Dark are the windows of that house on the river,
And yet, and yet, morning will come.

*Sophie Croll
Haggerty School
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade*

Monsters

A dark night,
the bats are a flight
It is bad we missed the bus
But there was a fuss.
I hear a noise.
I tell my friend.
He is petrified, so horrified.
Then I remember
I was bit last September.
By a creature I don't remember.
It was a creature of the night.
Such a fright!
Such a fright!

I am transforming
Forced by a wolf.
I am electrified, so petrified.
I cannot move.
I cannot groove.
I start to chase.
Fangs
Fur
Flying
Attack... a hit!
Werewolves, creatures of the night.

*William Feeney
King Open School
Second Place, Third Grade*

My Room is a Mess

My room is a mess,
and I'm really not kidding
I never have guests
'Cause there's no room for sitting.

You can't see the walls
and you can't see the floor
You'll think there was an explosion
when you open the door.

There is a beware sign
outside my door
you better be careful
when you step on the floor

Once a friend got sucked in
and didn't survive
so enter at your own risk
and try to stay alive!

Gwen Child
Cambridgeport School
Honorable Mention, Sixth Grade

Where I'm From

I'm from hot humid weather,
The blazing sun reflecting on the hot soil.
I'm from the blue sky beaming day and night with its sparkling magic.
I'm from sit at the table till you eat all your food,
My brother Ronald always asking, "Hey, Sarah are you gonna eat that?"
I'm from respect others the way you want them to respect you.
I'm from fried crunchy, crispy chicken wafting in the air,
I'm from drinking yellow soup filled with many carrots, peppers, meat,
plantains, and some more vegetables on New Year's Day.
I'm from a closet filled with many colorful tight jeans and shirts,
I'm from a pink, fluffy diary filled up with exciting and gloomy moments.
Where I'm from everyone is allowed to share their love and
wonderful memories.

Sarah Joseph
Cambridgeport School
Honorable Mention, Eighth Grade

Tree and Me

I remind myself of a tree
Because I stand out in the crowd
But hey, that's what makes me
But specifically, I'm an apple tree
Allowing those in need to feed healthily from me

I'm not only an apple tree
I'm a flowering tree
Letting my inner beauty bloom

Each petal carries a name
Confident
Loving
Caring
Successful
Independent

These petals hang from me, strongly
But the tree that represents me
is different from the average tree
No weather, no people can tear it down
This tree digs its roots deeply underground

Ronnita S. Floyd-Dortch
Tobin School
First Place, Eighth Grade

Yo Soy Yo

No yo soy tigre en el cesp d,
No yo soy mono en el  brol.
No yo soy pescado en el oce no,
YO SOY YO!

No yo soy sopa en la escudilla,
No yo soy azucar en el te.
No yo soy palabra en el libro,
YO SOY YO!

I Am Me (“Yo Soy Yo,” English)

I am not a tiger in the grass,
I am not a monkey in a tree.
I am not a fish in the ocean,
I AM ME!

I am not soup in a bowl,
I am not sugar in tea.
I am not a word in a book,
I AM ME!

*Shawn Costanza
Peabody School
Best Spanish Poem, Eighth Grade*

Beautiful, Black and Funny

My name is Esther
And you might suppose I'm beautiful, black and funny
I love to sing,
I love to laugh,
And oh my gosh, I'm funny.
When I'm not with my friends,
I can't sing
Laugh,
Be happy
Or think I'm beautiful.
I just love being with my friends,
Laughing with my friends
Being funny with my friends
I just love being beautiful, black and funny.

*Esther Joseph
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Honorable Mention, Fifth Grade*

I Am Owen

I am inquisitive and endlessly energetic
I wonder why life seems to be at a stand still
I hear the wind rustling the leaves
I see the stars dancing in the night sky
I want to travel to the arctic circle
I am inquisitive and endlessly energetic
I understand string theory
I say miracles do happen
I dream that the world would be like yin and yang, at balance
I try to understand
I hope the Red Sox will survive without Pedro
I am inquisitive and endlessly energetic
I pretend to be in a world of wizards, warlocks and knights
I feel world peace can be gained
I touch the dog slobber covered tennis ball
I cry for the tsunami victims
I am inquisitive and endlessly energetic

*Owen McCartney
Cambridgeport School
First Place, Fifth Grade*

Girl

Love that girl,
She got a head on her shoulders.
Love that girl,
She got a brain in that head
And a good one
Too.
Love that girl,
She got a tongue in her mouth,
Love that girl,
She gonna be mighty important someday.
Love that girl.
She's great.
And everyone'll know it someday
Love that girl.
She's a hero!

*Louisa Carpenter-Winch
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade*

Felicidad

Todos debemos estar unidos
En las buenas y en las malas
Tenemos que estar corriendo
Felices como lombrices,
Para poder tener un mundo feliz
Debemos de perdonar
Tenemos que sacar la alegría
De adentro de los demás
Hagamos un lugar lleno de alegría
Y paz
Tal vez no sea perfecto nuestro hogar,
Pero aun asi debemos
De luchar para nuestra felicidad.

*Madeleine Mongui Hernandez
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Fifth Grade*

Dreams

I dream of a city
Up in the sky.
I dream of a city
Where no one will die
I dream of a city
Where there's only peace.
I dream of a city
Where all the wars cease.

*Max McGleughlin
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Honorable Mention, Fourth Grade*

Volver

Que no vuelvan los ayeres
que se queden así en ayer.
Que no vuelvan los sueños malos
ni los Buenos tampoco
y que hoy alumbre un mañana.

QUE EL TIEMPO SIGA ADELANTE

*Shabeli Paulino
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Sixth Grade*

Los Días

Los días yo los quería.
Pero no sabía qué pararía.
Aunque me gustaría
Que mis días fueran felices,
Los días pasaban muy rápido,
Y lo que hacía es esperar
Y pensar en lo bueno de cada día.

*Joan Torres-Nunez
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Third Grade*

Busy

People walk by
Their shoes carrying them
to unknown places
They're busy

The monkeys chatter happily
Explaining their life story
of much food they got
They're busy

She is everywhere at once
Her mind traveling from thought
to thought
In some random order
She's busy

The elephants trumpet happily
Trumpeting their welcome
To all the people
They're busy

He is writing fast
About nothing at all
His hands are flying
Recording his thoughts
He's busy

I'm curled up in a corner
with a book
My mind in a faraway place but
at home at the same time
I'm busy

*Marlees West
Haggerty School
Second Place (tie), Sixth Grade*

Mi Hija

Su rostro delicado
Sus manos tan suaves
Su sonrisa alucinaba
en la oscuridad

Detrás de ese rostro habia
una mujer hermosa
Era como una estrella en
el cielo opaco

Desafortunadamente se me fue,
como agua entre
las manos.

*Ruth Netzahualt
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Seventh Grade*

Someone Special

Someone who's special
That's always with you there
When you are sick
They treat you the best
And when you fall down
They give you some rest
And when you are sad
They make you so happy
And they make you laugh so hard
That you won't stop

THAT IS SOMEONE SPECIAL!

*Alejandro Chacon
Amigos School
Honorable Mention, Third Grade*

Idalia

Mwen renmen manman mwen.
Manman'm se la vi mwen.
Manman'm se riches mwen.
Manman'm se twezo.
Kite' m adore manman'm

Manman'm soufwi pou mwen.
Sak fe m di manman'm soufwi pou mwen.
Paske le li t'ap fe mwen, li te soufwi anpil.
Li pote mwen nef mwa nan vant li.
Li pat ka manje, li pat ka bwe dlo.
Le li manje li metel ate.
Le li bwe dlo li metel ate.
Li grangou li pa ka manje.
Se le li gen anpil jou li ka manje li ka bwe yon ti kal dlo.

Se pou tet sa mwen renmen manman mwen.
Manman'm se la vi mwen,
Ki te'm adore manman'm

Idalia **(English)**

I love my mother.
My mother is my life.
My mother is my jewel.
My mother is my treasure.
Let me honor my mother.

My mother has suffered for me.
I say that she has suffered for me.
Because when she created me, she had much suffering.
She carried me nine months in her belly.
She could not eat, she could not drink.
When she tried to eat, she fell to the ground.
When she tried to drink, she fell to the ground
She was hungry but she could not eat.
She went many days without food or water.

For this reason, I love my mother.
My mother is my life.
Let me honor my mother.

Jimmy Francois

Graham & Parks Alternative School
Third Place (tie), Eighth Grade

Something That My Dad Told Me Happened in Haiti

I left Haiti
Because it was time for me to come to America.
And I had no choice.

When you leave a person,
If there is a way for you and that person to communicate,
You should talk about everything.
So, one day my dad called me and said,
“I am in trouble right now,
There are a lot of people
Dressing in black. We call them ‘simo’
They do this to kill people all over the capital.
Because they took the president away from the country.”
So I told him to get away from there
And go to uncle’s house. And he did.

After a week, he called. He was crying.
I know that he was trying to tell me how his life was changing.
Then, he stayed for a long time without talking.
I said, “Where are you?”
He said, “I am in the middle of the house looking at a terrible thing.”
I said, “What kind of terrible thing are you talking about?”
He said, “The terrible thing is that I saw a child
In front of our house, who is dead, but I can’t describe it”
I was shaking, and I started crying.
My dad hung up on me.

I started to pray even more.
Because, one day,
I believe God will make a change.

*Widline Charles
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Third Place (tie), Eighth Grade*

(Untitled)

We were driving up Elm St. in Cambridge Massachusetts
On our way to my mother's house near where Columbia St. intersects

When crimson lights f lashed and sirens covered us in deafness
White buses with red crosses drove towards those who were in
distress
Traffic jams were caused
All the people paused
We were coaxed by the commotion
But were forced to steer ourselves beyond the fork and to the potion
Concoction of chaos
Policeman courageous
We drove away
But in the distance
The accident bleeds into the mist
A symbol of crime
Within our minds:
A pale hand curled up tight
And dancing in black as deadly as night
Coated with silence as calm as white
Clasping a jewel
Red like a heart
But glowing like a sole
A Fist
This is a mystery
Not for solving
Just for thinking about
Inferring and Evolving
We may never know
The show is over
We must go home
Although my me
Is quite empty
And my mind is full of alone.

*Mia Gussen
Cambridgeport School
First Place, Fourth Grade*

Living in the Shadows

We were trying to find a place in the sun.
We've been living in the shadows, but doesn't everyone.
No one can hear, but you're screaming so loud, and you
Feel so alone in a faceless crowd. Doesn't it hurt being
Left alone when everyone leaves you stranded and there's
No place to call home? I wanted to be with you, but you pushed me away.
You said I should go, but I still want to stay. We were trying
To find a place in the sun. We've been living in the shadows, but doesn't
Everyone.

Andrea Smith

Maria L. Baldwin School

Third Place, Seventh Grade

My Beautiful Country

I love Haiti.
I'm glad I'm Haitian.

But there are things that I don't like, that I don't want to hear.
Kids who can't go to school.
People who kill others,
And go to their homes and take everything they have.
I want a change in my country.

I want to go back to the most beautiful place on earth.
There are things I want for my country.
I want peace.
I want all the children to go to school.
I want them to be healthy.
When I remember the history that happened years ago,
It makes me proud of my country.

I know Haiti can change.
If only we would do what it says on the flag:
"Union Fait La Force."
With these words, Haiti will change.
Haiti is a paradise.
Haiti is my life.

*Lutane Clenord
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Third Place (tie), Sixth Grade*

My Dreaming Spot

Carry me down to my dreaming spot,
Where animals coat the sand.
Yes, carry me down where whites and blacks
Walk sweetly, hand in hand.

Carry me down to my dreaming spot,
Where I play with the strong-built sea.
Yes, carry me down where my nature friends
Would come and chat with me.

Carry me down to my dreaming spot,
Where gales of passion soar.
Yes, carry me down to where every clover
Has lucky leaves of four.

Carry me down to my dreaming spot,
Where Birds shall burst in song.
I'd love to go and greet that spot,
Because that's where I belong.

Isabel Koyama
Maria L. Baldwin School
Second Place, Fifth Grade

The Place Where I Go to Think

The place where I go to think
is in my head.
I think of it when I go to bed.
It's where the water rushes
and the flowers grow bright,
and it's a perfect spot to think,
on a warm summer night.

In my head, I sit down to think.
And my thoughts pour out like water
in an empty sink.
It feels so nice to let them go.
They come out in such a wonderful flow.

I wish that place were real,
not just in my head.
But maybe it is! I'm not in my bed!
I'm in a spot where the water rushes,
and the flowers grow bright,
and I'm sitting down thinking
on a warm summer night.

*Nellie Ostow
King Open School
Second Place (tie), Fourth Grade*

Lanmou

Mwen renmen lanmou.
Lanmou se yon bel bagay kan de moun ap viv ansanm.
Bondye bay lanmou fok nou renmen li fo nou apsepte li.
Bondye ba nou sajes libanm lanmou nan ke nou.
Bondye bay manman lanmou nan ke li.
Bondye bay papa lanmou nan ke li.

An nou renmen lanmou nan ke nou.
Kan de moun ap viv se yon bel bagay.
Se paske yo gen lanmou nan ke yo.
Kan de moun renmen yo gen lanmou nan ke yo.

Ode to Love (“Lanmou,” English)

I appreciate love.
Love is beautiful when two people live together.
God gave us love to appreciate it and accept it.
God gave us wisdom by putting love in our hearts.
God put love in the hearts of mothers.
God put love in the hearts of fathers.
Let us appreciate the love in our hearts.

When two people live in beauty
It is because they have love in their hearts.

*Daniel Joseph
Graham & Parks Alternative School
Second Place, Seventh Grade*

Diccionario

Descubrir como escribirlo
Idea para otras palabras
Como se dice esto
Como se escribe esto
Intentar de deletrear
Oraciones de palabras ¿de donde vienen? Diccionario
No quiero usarlo a veces
Adjetivos, verbos y sustantivos
Río de palabras
Intentar de encontrar como decirlo en otra idioma
Océano de oraciones

Maria Alejandra Trumble
Amigos School
Best Spanish Poem, Fourth Grade

I Hate Endings to Poems...

I hate endings to poems
Because then it's over.
I hate endings to anything
Because then you always know
What happened.

What would happen if
There was no ending?
Lets find...

Katy Anderka

Maria L. Baldwin School

Honorable Mention, Eighth Grade